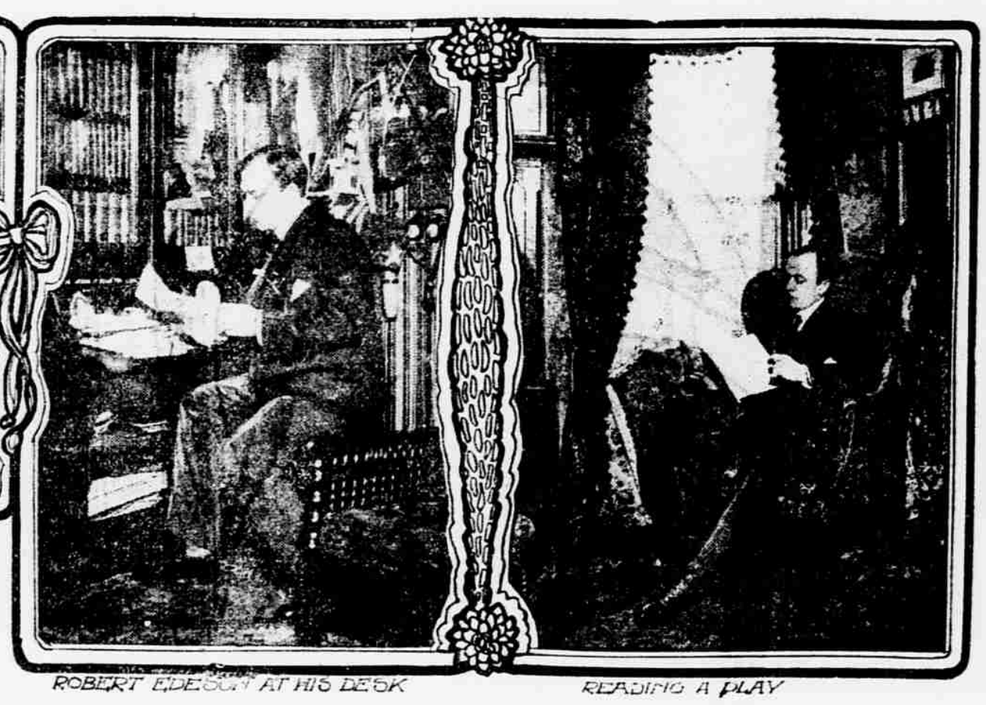
AN ACTOR WHOSE HOME IS HIS HOBBY

Robert Edeson, Soon to Visit St. Louis, Garners Bric-a-Brac, Paintings and Books From All Over the World for His House in New York.

THE MORNING'S MAIL



ROBERT EDESON AT HIS DESK

READING A PLAY

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

Robert Edeson recently said: "I am eager to try my fortune in the other American cities.

"But I wish 'Soldiers of Fortune' could have remained a little longer than ten nights at the Savoy Theater in New York.

"I wanted to plant some more raspberry bushes on my Long Island farm."

Edeson, as his associates declare, carried less of the stage with him into private life, than any other actor.

His New York home reflects clearly the tastes of its owner.

It is neither "artistic" nor "bohemian" in the much-abused sense of both terms.

Each room is unique in its appointments, but so arranged in point of color and decoration as to be restful to the eye.

Almost every article of furniture has a history.

Some are souvenirs of European travel.

Others have been garnered in the shops of dealers in antiques from New York to San Francisco.

Open fires, paintings and fine upholsteries adorn the den on all sides.

The rich, quiet draperies of the furniture are Persian, Cashmere and Indian shawls.

In the smoking den a gleaming metallic reflector is formed of swords of all periods arranged at the radii of a circle.

You pass from a room where the atmosphere is that of the period of Louis quinze and you are in a Japanese tea room, such as might be found at Yokio.

Bamboo furniture and rattan chairs, matting and art screens present the salient features of Japanese decorative art.

Books are everywhere.

From his father, the late George Edeson, Robert inherited a valuable theatrical library.

To this store of treasure he has added when obtainable the plays of the modern dramatists, such as Pinero, Sudermann, Hauptmann, Fitch, Maeterlinck, Rostand, Shaw and others.

Edeson leads a remarkably active life.

The itinerary of his day, modified to the exigencies of railroad travel, is about as follows:

He rises always at 9.

A vigorous course of exercise, a cold plunge and a shave occupy the succeeding half hour. After a breakfast of fruit, rolls and coffee, he reads carefully the morning papers, devoting especial attention to politics, polo, football and stocks.

His mail is usually voluminous, for he has the reputation of never refusing an autograph.

Eleven o'clock finds himself at the theater, ready either for a rehearsal or for a lesson in physical culture.

Edeson is an ardent advocate of exercise. He has formed a class in his company which assembles two or three times a week to box, to fence, to punch the bag or to practice a course of calisthenics devised by him on a mental-muscular plan.

This system he is willing to expound to all comers.

When quite a young man he belonged to a class of athletic youths who wanted to experiment on the effect of mind over muscle.

They persuaded a young Irish workman to try the scheme of imagining that his pick weighed several pounds heavier than it did, and of handling his shovel in the same way.

In three months this workman had gained eighteen pounds in weight and his muscles and made a wonderful development.

Then the members of the club took up the plan of exercising with mental weights, and Edeson liked it so well that he has kept it up ever since.

This is the form of exercise that is responsible for his excellent physical condition.

When he leaves the theater he walks for an hour, and at 1 o'clock returns to his home, club or hotel for a light luncheon.

His afternoons are devoted to painting, reading and receiving visitors.

His dinner hour is fixed at 6 o'clock, and at 7 he is in his dressing-room at the theater.

Eight o'clock finds him in consultation with the stage manager to see that the stage setting is correct in its detail.

Three hours of hard work follow, for Robert Clay in "Soldiers of Fortune" is what he calls a "hoss" part.

At 11 he is attired for the street ready for his walk to his hotel, where, after a light supper, he reads or chats until his bedtime.

Edeson's dominant characteristics are repose, self-possession and forceful Americanism.

When, several years ago, he went to London with "The Children of the Ghetto," it was dinned into his ears that he was aggressively American.

The critics talked of his "American accent, his American bearing, his American manner."

He resolved then and there to play Americans, and to play them as they should be played with no caricature, no uncouth comedy, no exaggeration.

That was why he selected "Soldiers of Fortune" for his debut as a star, because he wanted to portray Robert Clay, the civil-engineer hero, who is so admirable a young American, straightforward-and-out agreeable, chivalrous and ready of wit.

SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE.

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

CHAPTER VIII.
CONTINUED.

Clay laid his hand on the other's bowed shoulder and shook him gently. "Don't talk like that," he said; "it does no good. Why do you hate yourself?"

"What?" asked Stuart, wearily, without looking up. "What did you say?"

"You said you had made them hate you, and you added that you hated yourself. Well, I can see why they naturally would be unjust for the time, at least. But why do you hate yourself? Have you reason to?"

"I don't understand," said Stuart.

"Well, I can make it more plainer," Clay said. "It isn't a question I will ask. But you may want my advice. Well, my advice to my friend and to a man who is not my friend alike. And in this case it depends on whether what that thing—" Clay looked at the paper which had fallen on the ground—"what that thing says is true."

The younger man looked at the paper before him, and then back at Clay, and sprang to his feet.

"Who gave you," he cried, "what do you mean?"

He stood above Clay with both arms rigid at his side, and his head bent forward. The dawn had just broken, and the two men saw each other in the ghastly gray light of the morning. "If any man," cried Stuart thickly, "dares to say that that black-guardly lie is true I'll kill him. You or any one else. Is that what you mean, damn you? If it is, say so, and I'll break every bone of your body."

"Well, that's much better," growled Clay, calmly. "The way you went on wishing you were dead and hating yourself made me almost lose faith in mankind. Now you go make that speech to the President, and then find the man who put up those placards, and if you can't find the right man, take any man you meet and make him eat it, paste and all, and beat him to death if he doesn't. Why, this is no time to whimper—because the world is full of liars. Go out and fight them and show them you are not afraid. Confound you, you had me so scared there that I almost thrashed you myself. Forgive me, won't you?" he begged earnestly. He rose and held out his hand and the other took it doubtfully. "It was your own fault, you young idiot," protested Clay. "You told your story the wrong way. Now go home and get some sleep and I'll be back in a few hours to help you. Look!" he said. He pointed through the trees to the sun that shot up like a red hot disk of heat above the cool green of the mountains. "See," said Clay, "God has given us another day. Seven battles were fought in seven days once in my country. Let's be thankful, old man, that we're not dead, but alive to fight our own and other people's battles."

The younger man sighed and pressed Clay's hand again before he dropped it.

"You are very good to me," he said. "I'm not just quite myself this morning. I'm a bit nervous, I think. You'll surely come, won't you?"

"By noon," Clay promised. "And if it does come," he added, "don't forget my 1,000 men at the mines."

"Good! I won't," Stuart replied. "I'll call on you if I need them." He raised his fingers mechanically to his helmet in salute and catching up his sword turned and strode away erect and soldierly through the debris and weeds of the deserted plaza.

Clay remained motionless on the steps of the pedestal and followed the younger man with his eyes. He drew a long breath and began a leisurely search through his pockets for his matchbox, gazing about him as he did so, as though looking for some one to whom he could speak his feelings. He lifted his eyes to the stern, smooth-shaven face of the bronze statue above him that seemed to be watching Stuart's departing figure.

"General Bolivar," Clay said, as he lit his cigar, "observe that young man. He is a soldier and a gallant gentleman. You, sir, were a great soldier—the greatest this God-forsaken country will ever know—and you were, sir, an ardent lover. I ask you to salute that young man as I do and to wish him well." Clay lifted his high hat to the back of the young officer as it was hidden in the hanging vines, and once again, with grave respect to the grim features of the great General above him, and then smiling at his own conceit, he ran lightly down the steps and disappeared among the trees of the plaza.

CHAPTER IX.

Clay slept for three hours. He had left a note on the floor instructing MacWilliams and young Langham not to go to the mines, but to wake him at 10 o'clock, and by 11 the three men were galloping off to the city. As they left the Palma they met Hope returning from a morning ride on the Alameda, and Clay bowed her, with much concern, not to ride abroad again. There was a difference in his tone toward her. There was more anxiety in it than the occasion seemed to justify, and he put his request in the form of a favor to himself, while the day previous he would simply have told her that she must not go riding alone.

"Why?" asked Hope, eagerly. "Is there going to be trouble?"

"I hope not," Clay said, "but the soldiers are coming in from the provinces for the review, and the roads are not safe."

"I'd be safe with you, though," said Hope, smiling persuasively upon the three men.

"Won't you take me with you, please?"

"Hope," said young Langham in the tone of the elder brother's brief authority, "you must go home at once."

Hope smiled wickedly. "I don't want to," she said.

"I'll bet you a box of cigars I can beat you to the veranda by fifty yards," said MacWilliams, turning his horse's head.

Hope clasped her sailor hat in one hand and swung her whip with the other. "I think not," she cried, and disappeared with a flutter of skirts and a scurry of flying pebbles.

"At times," said Clay, "MacWilliams shows an unexpected knowledge of human nature."

"Yes, he did quite right," assented Langham, nodding his head mysteriously. "We've no time for girls at present, have we—"

"No, indeed," said Clay, hiding any sign of a smile.

Langham breathed deeply at the thought of the part he was to play in the coming struggle, and remained respectfully silent as they trotted toward the city. He did not wish to disturb the plots and counterplots that he was confident were forming in Clay's brain, and his devotion would have been severely tried had he known that his hero's mind was filled with a picture of a young girl in a blue shirt waist and a whipcord riding skirt.

Clay went for Stuart to join them at the restaurant, and MacWilliams arriving at the same time, the four men seated themselves considerately in the center of the cafe and sipped their chocolate as though unconscious of any imminent danger and in apparent freedom from all responsibilities and care. While MacWilliams and Langham laughed and disputed over a game of dominoes the older men exchanged, under cover of their chatter, the few words which they had met to speak.

The manifestoes, Stuart said, had failed of their purpose. He had already called upon the President, and had offered to resign his position and leave the country or to stay and fight his mutineers and take up arms at once against Mendoza's party. Alvarez had treated him like a son, and bade him be patient. He told that Cæsar's wife was above suspicion because she was Cæsar's wife, and that no canards posted at midnight could affect his faith in his wife or in his friend. He refused to believe that any coup d'etat was imminent, save the one which he himself meditated when he was ready to proclaim the country in a state of revolution and to assume a military dictatorship.

"What nonsense!" exclaimed Clay. "What is a military dictatorship without soldiers? Can't he see that the army is with Mendoza?"

"No," Stuart replied. "Rojas and I were with him all morning. Rojas is an old trump, Clay. He's not bright and he's old-fashioned, but he is honest. And the people know it. If I had Rojas for a chief instead of Alvarez, I'd arrest Mendoza with my own hand and I wouldn't be afraid to take him to the capitol through the streets. The people wouldn't help him. Not the President doesn't dare. Not that he hasn't the pluck," added the young Lieutenant loyally, "for he takes his life in his hands when he goes to the review to-morrow, and he knows it. Think of it, will you, out there alone with a field of five thousand men around him! Rojas thinks he can hold half of them, as many as Mendoza can, and I have my fifty. But you can't tell what any one of them will do for a drink or a dollar. They're no more soldiers than these waiters. They're bandits in uniform, and they'll kill for the man that pays best."

"Then why doesn't Alvarez pay them?" Clay growled.

Stuart looked away and lowered his eyes to the table. "He hasn't the money, I suppose," he said, evasively. "He—he has transferred every cent of it into drafts on Rothschild. They are at the house now, representing five millions of dollars in gold—and her jewels, too—packed ready for flight."

"Then he does expect trouble?" said Clay.

"You told me—"

"They're all alike; you know them," said Stuart. "They won't believe they're in danger until the explosion comes, but they always have a special train ready, and they keep the funds of the Government under their pillows. He engaged apartments on the Avenue Kleber six months ago."

"Bah!" said Clay. "It's the old story. Why don't you quit him?"

Stuart raised his eyes and dropped them again, and Clay sighed. "I'm sorry," he said.

MacWilliams interrupted them in an indignant stage whisper. "Say, how long have we got to keep up this fake game?" he asked. "I don't know anything about dominoes, and neither does Ted. Tell us what you've been saying. Is there going to be trouble? If there is, Ted and I want to be in it. We are looking for trouble."

Clay had tipped back his chair, and was surveying the restaurants and the blazing plaza beyond. He open front with an expression of cheerful unconcern. Two men were reading the morning papers near the door, and two others were dragging through a game of dominoes in a far corner. The heat of midday had settled on the place, and the waiters dozed, with their chairs tipped back against the walls. Outside, the awning of the restaurant threw a broad shadow across the marble-topped tables on the sidewalk, and half a dozen drivers slept peacefully in their carriages before the door.

The town was taking its siesta, and the brisk step of a stranger who crossed the deserted plaza was rapped with key knuckles on the top of the cigar case was the only sign of life. The new-comer carried with one hand on the glass case and swept the room carelessly with his eyes. They were hard blue eyes under straight even brows. Their owner was dressed unobtrusively in a suit of rough tweed, and this and his black hat, and the fact that he was smooth-shaven, distinguished him as a foreigner.

As he faced them the fore legs of Clay's chair descended slowly to the floor, and he leaned with a smile comprehendingly and to nod his head as though the coming of the stranger had explained something of which he had been in doubt. His companions turned and followed the direction of his eyes, but saw nothing of interest in the newcomer. He looked as though he might be a concession hunter from the States, or a Manchester drummer, prepared to offer six months' credit on blankets and hardware.

Clay rose and strode across the room, circling the tables in such a way that he could keep himself between the stranger and the door. At his approach the newcomer turned his back and fumbled with his change on the counter.

"Captain Burke, I believe?" said Clay. The stranger bit the cigar he had just purchased and shook his head. "I am very glad to see you," Clay continued. "Sit down, won't you? I want to talk with you."

"I think you've made a mistake," the stranger answered, quietly. "My name is—"

"Colonel, perhaps, then," said Clay. "I might have known it. I congratulate you, Colonel."

The man looked at Clay for an instant, with the cigar clenched between his teeth and his blue eyes fixed steadily on the other's face. Clay waved his hand again invitingly toward a table, and the man shrugged his shoulders and laughed, and, pulling a chair toward him, sat down.

"Come over here, boys," Clay called. "I want you to meet an old friend of mine, Captain Burke."

The man called Burke stared at the three men as they crossed the room and seated themselves at the table, and nodded to them in silence.

"We have here," said Clay, easily, but in a low voice, "the key to the situation. This is the gentleman who supplies Mendoza with the sinews of war. Captain Burke is a brave soldier and a citizen of my own or of any country, indeed which happens to have the most sympathetic Consul General."

Burke smiled grimly, with a condescending nod, and putting away the cigar, took out a briar pipe and began to fill it from his tobacco-pouch. "The Captain is a man of few words and extremely modest about himself," Clay continued, lightly; "so I must tell you who he is myself. He is a promoter of revolutions. That is his business—a professional promoter of revolutions, and that is what makes me so glad to see him again. He knows all about the present crisis here, and he is going to tell us all he knows as soon as he fills his pipe. I ought to warn you, Burke," he added, "that this is Captain Stuart, in charge of the police and the President's cavalry troop. So you see, whatever you say, you will have one man who will listen to you."

Burke crossed one short, fat leg over the other, and crowded the tobacco in the bowl of his pipe with his thumb.

"I thought you were in Chile, Clay?" he said.

"No, you didn't think I was in Chile," Clay replied, kindly. "I left Chile two years ago. The Captain and I met there," he explained to the others, "when Balmaceda was trying to make himself of too-ex. The Captain was on the side of the Congressionalists and was furnishing arms and dynamite. The Captain is always on the winning side, at least he always has been, up to the present. He is not a creature of sentiment, are you, Burke? The Captain believes with Napoleon that God is on the side that has the heaviest artillery."

Burke lighted his pipe and drummed absent-mindedly on the table with his match box.

"I can't afford to be sentimental," he said. "Not in my business."

"Of course not," Clay assented, cheerfully. He looked at Burke and laughed as though the sight of him revived pleasant memories. "I wish I could give these boys an idea of how clever you are, Captain," he said. "The Captain was the first man, for instance, to think of packing cartridges in tubs of lard and of sending rifles in piano cases. He represents the Welby revolver people in England and half a dozen firms in the States, and he has his little stores in Tampa and Mobile and Jamaica, ready to ship off at a moment's notice to any revolution in Central America. When I first met the Captain," Clay continued gleefully, and quite unmindful of the other's continued silence, "he was starting off to rescue Arabi Pasha from the island of Ceylon. You may remember, boys, that when Dufferin saved Arabi from hanging, the British shipped him to Ceylon as a political prisoner. Well, the Captain was sent by Arabi's followers in Egypt to bring him back to lead a second rebellion. Burke had everybody bribed at Ceylon, and a fine echo he fitted out and a lot of ruffians to do the fighting, and then the good, kind British Government pardoned Arabi the day before Burke arrived in port. And you never got a cent for it, did you, Burke?"

Burke shook his head and frowned.

"Six thousand pounds sterling I was to have got for that," he said, with a touch of actionable pride in his voice, "and they set him free the day before I got there, just as Mr. Clay tells you."

"And then you headed Granville Prior's expedition for buried treasure off the island of Cocos, didn't you?" said Clay. "Go on, tell them about it. Be sociable. You ought to write a book about your different business ventures, Burke, indeed you ought; but then," Clay added, smiling, "nobody would believe you." Burke rubbed his chin, thoughtfully, with his fingers, and looked modestly at the ceiling, and the two younger boys gazed at him with open-mouthed interest.

"There ain't anything in buried treasure," he said, after a pause, "except the money that's sunk in the fitting out. It sounds good, but it's all foolishness."

"All foolishness, eh?" said Clay, encouragingly. "And what did you do after Balmaceda was beaten?—after I last saw you?"

"Crespo," Burke replied, after a pause during which he pulled gently on his pipe. "Caroline Brewer—cleared from Key West for Curacao, with cargo of sewing-machines and ploughs—beached below Maracaibo—thirty-five thousand rounds and two thousand rifles—at twenty bolivars apiece."

"Of course," said Clay, in a tone of genuine appreciation, "I might have known you'd be in that. He says," he explained, "that he assisted General Crespo in Venezuela during his revolution against Guzman Blanco's party, and loaded a tramp steamer called the 'Caroline Brewer' at Key West with arms, which he landed safely at a place for which he had no clearance papers, and he received $10,000 in our money for the job—and very good pay, too, I should think," commented Clay.

"Well, I don't know," Burke demurred. "You take in the cost of leasing the boat and provisioning her, and the crew's wages, and the cost of the cargo; that eats into profits. Then I had to stand off shore between Trinidad and Curacao for over three weeks before I got the signal to run in, and after that I was chased by a gunboat for three days, and the crazy fool put a shot clean through my engine-room. Cost me about $1,200 in repairs."

There was a pause, and Clay turned his eyes to the street, and then asked, abruptly: "What are you doing now?"

"Trying to get orders for smokeless powder," Burke answered, promptly. He met Clay's look with eyes as undisturbed as his own. "But they won't touch it down here," he went on. "It doesn't appeal to 'em. It's too expensive, and they'd rather see the smoke. It makes them think—"

"How long did you expect to stay here?" Clay interrupted.

"How long?" repeated Burke, like a man in a witness-box who is trying to gain time. "Well, I was thinking of leaving by Friday, and taking a mule train over to Bogota instead of waiting for the steamer to Colon." He blew a mouthful of smoke into the air and watched it drifting toward the door with apparent interest.

"The 'Santiago' leaves here Saturday for New York. I guess you had better wait over for her," Clay said. "I'll engage your passage, and, in the meantime, Captain Stuart here will see that they treat you well in the cuartel."

The men around the table started and sat motionless looking at Clay, but Burke only took his pipe from his mouth and knocked the ashes out on the heel of his boot. "What am I going to the cuartel for?" he asked.

"Well, the public good, I suppose," laughed Clay. "I'm sorry, but it's your own fault. You shouldn't have shown yourself here at all."

"What have you got to do with it?" asked Burke, calmly, as he began to refill his pipe. He had the air of a man who saw nothing before him but an afternoon of pleasant discourse and leisurely inactivity.

"You know what I've got to do with it," Clay replied. "I've got our concession to look after."

"Well, you're not running the town, too, are you?" asked Burke.

"No, but I'm going to run you out of it," Clay answered. "Now, what are you going to do—make it unpleasant for us and force our hand, or drive down quietly with our friend MacWilliams here? He is the best one to take you, because he's not so well known."

Burke turned his head and looked over his shoulder to Stuart.

"You taking orders from Mr. Clay to-day, Captain Stuart?" he asked.

"Yes," Stuart answered, smiling. "I agree with Mr. Clay in whatever he thinks right."

"Oh, well, in that case," said Burke, rising reluctantly, with a protesting sigh, "I guess I'd better call on the American Minister."

"You can't. He's in Ecuador on his annual visit," said Clay.

"Indeed! That's bad for me," muttered Burke, as though in much concern. "Well, then, I'll ask you to let me see our Consul here."

"Certainly," Clay assented, with alacrity. "Mr. Langham, this young gentleman's father got him his appointment, so I've no doubt he'll be only too glad to do anything for a friend of ours."

Burke raised his eyes and looked inquiringly at Clay, as though to assure himself that this was true, and Clay smiled back at him.

"Oh, very well," Burke said. "Then, as I happen to be an Irishman by the name of Burke, and a British subject, I'll try her Majesty's representative, and we'll see if he will allow me to be locked up without a reason or a warrant."

"That's no good, either," said Clay, shaking his head. "You fixed your nationality, as far as this Continent is concerned, in Rio Harbor, when Peixoto handed you over to the British Admiral, and you claimed to be an American citizen, and were sent on board the Detroit. If there's any doubt about that, we've only got to cable to Rio Janeiro—to either legation. But what's the use? They know me here, and they don't know you, and I do. You'll have to go to jail and stay there."

"Oh, well, if you put it that way, I'll go," said Burke, "that," he added, in a lower voice, "fits me to a T, Clay."

(To Be Continued.)

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MATTER IS ALIVE. SAYS HINDOO DOCTOR.

Accepting as a fact the theory that nervous reaction is an evidence of life, a Hindoo physicist, now in the University of Calcutta, after many years of study in Europe, has demonstrated that metals and plants possess the same life elements as living flesh.

He has obtained records of nerve responses to stimulants that appear on the records almost identically with those of living beings.

The record of a nerve action has long been known to be vibratory and has been caught and preserved by various mechanical appliances.

The system of vibratory telegraph from any part of the human anatomy to the brain has been quite extensively exploited.

The nerve records show that rested, healthy nerves register regular and distinct vibrations, while those worn out or almost exhausted show these vibrations in a diminished degree, until the recorder traces an almost unbroken, unwavering line.

Venturing into the realm of plants and metals, Doctor Boge devised a contrivance for recording the nerve vibrations of these substances.

His discoveries were amazing.

A piece of metal subjected to the same impressions as living nerves wrote identical records. Metals deadened by poisons that deadened nerves failed to record vibrations, and in the process of dying showed the same gradual lessening of activity.

It was the same thing with plants.

In good condition, the nerve responded to a pinch or a blow, clearly traced upon the record, but, dulled by drugs, the lines lost their vigor and distinctness.

The only advantage in favor of metals that Doctor Boge discovered was that metals once killed could be revived, but that animal nerves once dead stayed dead.

The Escaped Turkey.

Of course I'm cold. Who wouldn't be,
Perched here on the limb of a maple tree?
But I think I know a thing or two,
I'll forthwith tell to the likes of you.

My brother's wattles were red, bright red—
But what's the good since he's lost his head?
His breast was proud as you'd like to wish—
But pride goes nit on a china dish.

There's cranberry sauce and things galore,
And celery, pie and pudding store.
There's sound of song, that's all immense—
Where he is king—thanks, but I am hence.

I hopped the twig in the nick of time;
Got here the reason of my glad rhyme.
I'm off for keeps—and I've learned a few
Of the parables, child, I tell to you.

I'll sneak for years in the goodly wild,
I'll grow up tough as the vagrant child;
I'll never go back to the flowing bin
Of the corn fed staff—for to gorge is sin.

That's why I'm blithe as a songful lark;
That's why I hike to the forest dark;
Of course I'm cold—but I do not yearn
For my brother's berth, who has pride to burn.

HORACE SEYMOUR KELLER.

A Philosopher.

"He's a philosopher, isn't he?"

"Yes—that is, he has found out how to be happy in every other condition but the one he happens to be in."

MOVING PICTURES OF A TRIP OVER WORLD'S FAIR GROUNDS.

Jno. F. Byrnes Explains How He Will Take Proposed Views of Exposition Buildings and of the St. Louis Shopping District.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

When the World's Fair management begins the work of aiding the Publicity Bureau with pictures showing the progress of the Exposition, some wonders of photographic art will be shown.

Science has advanced this, as well as the great arts of commerce.

The things that can be done with a camera are marvelous.

While the ordinary methods of photographing buildings and scenes of activity are familiar to many amateurs, there are two branches seldom attempted by any but experts.

These are balloon photography and moving-picture photography.

The former is both dangerous and difficult with many frustrating odds.

The latter admits of the greater number of novelties and is very interesting.

Within two weeks John F. Byrnes of Chicago will place a machine on the front end of a St. Louis street car and take panoramic views of the business districts, the route of the World's Fair grounds and the grounds and buildings themselves.

These will be sent all over the world as credible evidence of the work being done.

They will be shown in all of the public schools of Chicago, New York and Boston.

The trip will begin at noon, when the downtown streets are crowded.

The route will cover one of the loops of the retail shopping district, and show Olive as far west as Twelfth street.

Then the machine will be stopped until King's highway is reached.

Here it will be started again so as to show the approach to the grounds.

The pictures of the grounds have already been taken from an automobile by Byrnes.

How many of the thousands of persons who see the moving pictures at the Columbia Theater every season know how they are made?

Photographer Byrnes explained the process in detail for The Sunday Republic, showing how the proposed World's Fair views will be made.

They will be photographed upon 5,000 feet of film, one inch wide, at the rate of twenty-five pictures to the second.

It will take thirty-five minutes to exhibit them.

As received from the factory, the negative film is in lengths of 25 feet.

FILM IS PERFORATED.

These strips are taken into a dark room, "cured" and then placed in a perforating machine that makes four small holes on each edge to every inch.

The perforator is worked by electricity and is self feeding.

Its mechanism is so absolutely perfect that a variance of a hair's breadth is not made.

After being perforated the film is rewound upon reels and loaded into cartridges for use in the camera.

The camera looks like an extra large cigar box and weighs about fifteen pounds.

It is stood upon end, with the reel of film on top, so that it may be fed downward by a crank.

On the front side of the box, near the top, is a hole through which the lens receives light.

A rapidly revolving shutter alternately closes and exposes this hole, giving the film a picture at each revolution.

The shutter works so rapidly that it cannot be seen when in operation.

The film is fed downward into the bottom of the camera, where it is automatically wound up on a reel as fast as the pictures are taken.

There are sixteen pictures on each foot of film, or 16,00 to the 1,000 feet.

Thus it will require 80,000 distinct photographs to show the world what the Louisiana Purchase Exposition looks like now.

After the film leaves the camera, it is developed in a dark room, where more wonders are worked.

It is hooked onto a large cylinder and run onto a big drum.

The developing solution is fed into the trough and the drum dropped into it.

This is done quickly, so that one part will be developed no more and no less than another.

If ten feet of the film were overexposed and an equal number of feet underexposed, it can be imagined what effect it would have on the completed picture, when shown on a curtain.

Now the cylinder is raised, revolving as it has been through the developing process, and the solution drawn off.

Then the cylinder is transferred to another trough containing clear water, for a bath.

After this it is unwound onto another reel, made of wood and covered with wax, and the washing process is completed.

Finally, the film is taken from this reel and run onto rapidly revolving drying reels in another room.

DUST-PROOF DRYING-ROOM.

The drying-room is another wonder.

It is absolutely dust-proof, because the smallest specks of dust on the films would spoil it.

The flickering of the pictures now and then as seen in the theaters is caused by dust on the film.

Now comes the printing process—making the positive film.

The reel of the latter is placed just above the reel carrying the negative, and the two are fed into a box so that they will run together and register perfectly.

This machine is in a dark room, placed against a partition through which a hole has been cut so that light may enter against the rapidly-moving films.

This hole is exactly one inch square, and the light that passes through it is from 1,00 candle power electric light.

As fast as the positive film is fed downward, past this shaft of bright light it is wound on another reel.

It is then treated with specially prepared oils to make it tough and pliable.

The final stage is the printing, which is done in still another room. When placed in the projecting camera, ready to be thrown upon a curtain, the film has passed through so many processe that were the machines employed not absolutely perfect, the pictures would be worthless.

PICTURES FROM A STRIP OF FILM.

The average picture shown on the stage requires a film fifty feet long, and they run from that up to 3,000 feet.

The average time consumed is three quarters of a minute.

Each photograph is less than an inch in size, yet owing to the powerful lenses used in the projecting camera, and the 1,000 candle power light, a picture forty by sixty feet is thrown 100 feet onto a curtain.

One of the most popular moving pictures shown in the playhouses depicts an express train moving at a high rate of speed, dashing down upon the audience, seemingly, and passing on in a whirl of dust, cinders and smoke.

PHOTOGRAPHED EXPRESS TRAIN.

Byrnes recently photographed the Daylight Special of the Illinois Central, at a speed of sixty-eight miles an hour.

He took his machine out to a curve in the track and focused his camera on the first freight train that came along.

The engineer had instructions to put on full speed when passing the point indicated and reached a velocity of more than a mile a minute.

In spite of this the camera did its work so well that when the film was developed and the picture thrown on the curtain, the number of the engine was plainly discernible.

The freak moving pictures seen so often on the stage are produced by stopping the taking machine and changing subjects, or by changing the focus.

The latter produces the effect of the object fading away like a ghostly thing.

George R. Lawrence of Chicago had an exhibition on the second floor of the Laclede building a remarkable collection of "balloon photographs" for the inspection of the directors of the World's Fair.

Among the pictures there are bird's-eye views of cities and of great packing plants.

Some of these were taken from a tower invented by Lawrence.

This tower is put up in sections.

Mr. Lawrence owns one of the largest cameras in the world.

STRANGE INFLUENCE IN ODOR OF FLOWERS.

According to a St. Louis Florist, Perfumes Exert a Peculiar Power Over Women Who Can Endure Only Certain Kinds.

The perfume of flowers exerts a peculiar influence upon men and women.

Oftentimes this influence is agreeable and altogether to the liking of the person concerned, but frequently exactly the opposite is true.

The odor of some one flower is so offensive that it even produces faintness.

Naturally women, whose love for flowers is more noticeably developed than that of men, are more susceptible to the effects of these odors, and their aversion to certain flower perfumes is so marked that it is oftentimes little short of an ailment.

Florists are familiar with this peculiarity of women, and while they are inclined to attribute the influence of flower odors to imagination, they cannot overlook the fact that such a condition really exists.

An example of this sort came under my notice not long ago," said a downtown florist. "A woman came into my store to give an order for flowers for a party.

"She did not want violets because they did not light up well, and she spurned roses because she was tired of them.

"She wanted lilies because her guest of honor bore that name, but the odor of the flower was repulsive to her, and she hesitated about ordering them on this account.

"I finally succeeded by a good deal of persuasion in getting her to take them.

"I afterwards learned that she was compelled to leave the room on the night of the party because of faintness brought on by the heavy odor of the blossoms.

"Another example was a young woman who ordered a handsome cross for a friend, of whose death she had just been notified. "Hyacinths, white flowers of that sort, and fine ferns were used.

"Fortunately, she ordered the flowers sent to her home for inspection. When the floral piece was delivered it appeared that the man had not died, but was recovering.

"Consequently, the flowers were stripped from the frame and as it requires a great many to fill one of these pieces, the collection filled to overflowing every bowl in the house.

"The odor of hyacinths was everywhere.

"Since then the young woman has refused to buy white flowers for any consideration.

"She says they sicken her with funereal suggestions.

"The safest and most popular flowers here in St. Louis are violets, roses, lilies of the valley and carnations, in the order named. There is something sweet and caressing in the odor of the first two that almost invariably appeals to the gentler sex.

"In connection with the carnation, I have noticed peculiarity that it always attracts the athletic-appearing woman, the typical American girl.

"Its pungent, invigorating sweetness finds a responsive something in the breast where independence reigns.

"Imagination has much to do with the influence of these odors over women, for while Northern women may not know it, it is still true that forcing and grafting rob flowers of much of their sweetness.

"When they are put on the market here little of their original perfume remains."